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MARTIN CAWORD, Secretary.

November 9th, 1861.

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London: Published by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent street, W.

HERR FORMES will sing his New Song, "In sheltered vale," at the Crystal Palace Concert this day.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his New Fantasia for the Pianoforte, "Les Echos des Londres," at the Crystal Palace Concert this day.

MAD. RUDERSDORFF will sing Frank Mori's New Songs, "The Open Window," and "Mary the Sempstress," at Clapham, on the 15th November, and Staleybridge the 2nd December.

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MR. WILBYE COOPER begs to inform his friends and the public that he has RETURNED from the Continent for the Season. Letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts, address 24 Victoria Terrace, Westbourne Grove, W.

Reviews.

A LARGE instalment of the music of Mr. Howard Glover's new and successful opera, *Ruy Blas* (Boosey and Sons)—*en attendant*, we hope and presume, the remainder—lies before us. *Ruy Blas* looks just as well on paper as it sounds from the stage and orchestra, and, the arrangements being almost in every instance effectively done, the instrumental accompaniments lose less than is too frequently the case by transference to the keyboard of the piano. A glance at each of the pieces will suffice.

The plates of Miss Louisa Pyne's uncommonly popular ballad, "A sympathising heart," to judge from the printed impression, must already be somewhat worn by repeated service; and no wonder, if it be true, as we have heard, that not fewer than 20,000 copies have already been struck off, and for the most part disposed of. It is certainly one of the most attractive things of the class to which it belongs, whatever reservation may be made with respect to the class itself.

"Home of my youth" (also Miss Louisa Pyne's)—which begins with the unusually graceful *ritornello* for cornets-à-pistons—notwithstanding that it fell a victim to the castrating knife, after a few nights, during which it had charmed the audience, is indisputably a ballad of a higher stamp than the other, while containing within itself the same elements of popularity in an equally remarkable degree.

"Holy Mother, Virgin mild!" (again Miss Louisa Pyne) is the beautiful and pathetic prayer of which so much (not a bit too much) has been said and written.

"Why, then, for such loving care" (Miss Louisa Pyne), though a little out of place, according to our notion, in the position assigned to it in the opera, offers a brilliant and animated medium for vocal display in the concert-room, and will no doubt, if on that account alone, find universal favour with singers who possess the art of fluent execution.

"My heart with rage is swelling" (Mr. Santley) is a song of a more elevated order, and in the present scarcity of good new concert-pieces for the baritone voice, should be in general request. The more familiar we become with the song, the more we find to admire in it.

"The Flower she loves" (Mr. Harrison) is, in a word, one of the freshest and most engaging ballads with which we are acquainted. The melody is as insinuating as the harmony is elegant and expressive.

"Could Life's dark Scene" (Miss Louisa Pyne) is the most exquisite little song in the whole opera, and one of the most exquisite we remember. Expression in so limited a sphere could scarcely be carried further.

The only vocal "concerted piece" in the selection with which we have been favoured is the fine and eminently dramatic duet between Ruy Blas and the Queen—"Madam, if I have striven well"—in the third act of the opera—the same which contains the very original, melodious, and well-developed phrase beginning thus:—

Ah! . . . his tones fall sweet-ly on mine

ear, Fresh flow'rs in my young heart are spring-ing,

Two of the instrumental pieces only have reached us. The first and most important is the "Grand March" from the *finale* to Act 3—a showy, brilliant, and pompous military strain, which can hardly have failed to win attention at the theatre, and here is so carefully adapted for the pianoforte, that it lies within *reach* of the most unpretending executive force, which will doubtless add to the number of its admirers. The second is the quaint and charming mazurka, transposed (with no evident advantage) from F sharp minor to A minor.

We are still in expectation of the Tarantella and the overture, in the instrumental department; the delicious romance in F sharp minor—"In the stillness of night" (Miss Louisa Pyne's first air)—the fresh and graceful part-song for the Queen's ladies—"We have wandered through the gardens"—and a great number of almost equally attractive pieces, solo and concerted, in the vocal.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

GOODMAN (H. W.)	METZLER AND CO.		
	"Un Ballo in Maschera"	(ditto).	
READ (C. J.)	"Six Characteristic Pieces"	(ditto).	
	NOVELLO.		
CHAMBER (John)	"Agnus Dei"	(Vocal).	
	J. WILLIAMS.		
TOD (Melville)	"L'Espoir Schottische"	(Pianoforte).	
Ditto	"The Sphinx Polka"	(ditto).	
Ditto	"Weihnachts Polka"	(ditto).	
Ditto	"In Memoriam"	(ditto).	
Ditto	"The Bluebell Valse"	(ditto).	

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 7.

The sort of success which Glück's *Alceste* has attained at the Imperial Opera, and of which I endeavoured to give you a notice in my last, continues unabated, indeed rather increases. The audiences are swelled by the presence of many earnest lovers and eager students of musical art not only from the provinces of France (departments is the right expression, as the *Saturday Review* unnecessarily remarks), but from abroad. To these of course this great work is an interesting and no doubt to some extent profitable field of study;—to the dilettante, however, and the ordinary public, who require to be pleasurably excited, or folded into a web of powerful interest—as I before intimated, it is nought. The Opera has done, nevertheless, a worthy thing in producing *Alceste*; the resources of such an Imperial establishment cannot, indeed, be better employed than in presenting to the public, independent of the money question, the acknowledged models of art, and, indeed, in some cases mere antiquities only so long as they are something more than simply curious. But, if *Alceste* were played regularly once a week, for some time to come, it would draw on each occasion a large enough audience of that select kind to which it addresses itself, to repay a great part, if not all, the expense, of its production.

The new ballet by Mad. Ferraris, *L'Etoile de Messine*, is definitively announced for the 15th of this month. It is out of the hands of that mystic weaver of footsteps, the "choregraph" Borri, and is on the stage for rehearsal, which is the next stage to its being on the stage for performance. It is to be played as an after piece to *Alceste*, alternating in this service with a two act production, announced as forthcoming by Signor Alary,—the descender of *Don Giovanni*. Mr. Gounod's new opera, *La Reine de Saba*, is said to be in process of study, the first three acts having been read at the piano last week. M. and Mad. Gueymard, however, have had their parts for some time, and are said to be already up in them. The following is a list of the principal characters of this opera, the book of which is by MM. Carré and Barrière, and I add the performers to whom they have been cast according to present arrangements:—

King Solomon, M. Belval; a sculptor in the temple, M. Gueymard;

a young sculptor, Mlle. Hamakers; the Queen of Sheba, Mad. Gueymard; a confidant to the Queen, Mlle. de la Pommeraye.

There are besides three workmen in the temple who bear a strong resemblance to the three anabaptists—in the *Prophète*, I mean, of course, and not in the *Pantagruel*—precious fragments of which appeared in the *MUSICAL WORLD* some time since, leaving all true matagrobolists to sigh for the remainder. Said anabaptist craftsmen are allotted to MM. Marié, Coulon and Grisy.

I told you in my last of the production of *Marta* at the Italian Opera here, and how the chief female character had been played by a *débutante*, Mlle. Volpini, who made a favourable impression on the audience, as the stereotyped phrase goes. I have now to record that the favourable impression remains undiminished and rests on something more than the indulgence of the public on a first night and more especially towards a lady. Not that "the Volpini" is an artist of the highest class—nor that she has drawn the next prize in the lottery of theatrical life by being a lovely woman. But she most unquestionably asserts a claim to place No. 3 by the possession of a voice of soothingly agreeable quality, which she manages with a nice taste and thorough consciousness of the extent of its resources, while there is in all she does a charm not to be described and as little to be resisted,—and which extending to the person actually produces the impression of physical beauty. If I were a woman I should like to have this kind of charm as well as positive beauty of features—for what a reserve it is to fall back upon, should the small-pox, for instance, open its masked battery and destroy your principal force! Well then the new *Marta* will do. Signor Delle Sedie gets more and more firmly established in the good graces of the Parisian public, and great expectations are entertained of him in *Il Barbiere*, which he is to do next—poor Beneventano of the swelling port having been, as I informed you, politely evicted. This it is to be over-puffed;—if you have not ballast—I speak morally, of course, and not of the "too too solid flesh"—you are blown into infinite space. Sig. Mario, need I say, is well again, and the stereotyped "*agrotati*" is again removed from his name. He sang in *Marta* the other night quite marvellously. What is this curious ailment which leaves no traces behind it and yet is so malignantly sudden in attack, and overwhelmingly prostrating in effect? Why does not the Academy of Sciences propose for a prize a treatise on this inscrutable complaint? What is its origin? Is it the *auri sacra fames* or the *aura sacra fames*? Physicians, moralists, mystic seers, perpend, perpend! "The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale"—no, certainly not a nightingale—a croaking bull frog, rather—one that blows itself to convulsions not to swell into an ox but to counterfeit the sweet piping of Philomel. "Hop dance cries for two white herrings! Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee!" I allude to that most unmelodious of Princes who must have attuned his ears to discord by the constant utterance of that avalanche of conflicting consonants—that prolonged compound of sneeze, cough and eructation—which he is pleased to consider a name, and, no doubt, to rejoice in as a noble one. Poniatowski—Poniatowski—who will deliver me from Pon—no, I can't write it again! Having at the Grand Opera produced a most humorous work in five acts, he has now as a pendant endowed the Opéra Comique with a lugubrious, funeral and most ponderous trifle called *Au travers du Mur*, which is only more endurable in so much as it is shorter. The muse of comedy was never so insulted. And were one forced to sit out such a production more than once, *melancholia*, in its most rooted form, must ensue.

Death has again robbed the French stage of one of its most prized artists, and the theatrical profession of a most amiable and esteemed member. Leclère, the comedian of the Variétés, died last Tuesday week, after a short illness. He played so recently in London, during M. Talley's management of the St. James's, that it is not necessary to describe his merits at any length. His forte was in delineating the lower class of bourgeois, with all their solidity and absurd pomposity of phrase, clothing the most abject platitudes. He was what we call a thoroughly legitimate actor, and his humour never degenerated into buffoonery. His death is an undoubted loss to the dramatic art, which, as times go, can but little afford it. The respect in which Leclère was held was testified in the numerous body of fellow-actors and literary men

who attended his obsequies, which were conducted with all due honours. Beyond this sad event I have no theatrical news worth recording; except indeed it be that we are to have another attempt to interest the Parisians in a company of German actors. The *Salle Lyrique* is to open on the 11th with a series of German plays. The troop is a comic one, and its chief reliance will be on the talents of its manageress, Madame Ida Bruning, who, with what justice I cannot say, has been called the *Déjazet* of Germany. Such an appellation seems indeed a contradiction in terms, so opposite is the French esprit which the celebrated successor of Sophie Arnould so brilliantly represented to the peculiar notions entertained by Germans generally both of wit and humour. For my part I do not believe the affair will answer, however great the intrinsic merits of the artists who are about to appeal to the public of Paris. In England, although the language is cognate to ours, and a knowledge of it more general among us, German plays (even German operas) do not answer. The French will laugh at the harsh sounds of the German accent, and being particularly jealous of what they regard as their exclusive privilege to be funny or witty, no foreigner has any chance of making them laugh except in derision.

The first of the series of popular concerts of classical music, in imitation of those at the St. James's Hall, which I told you were about to be given under the direction of M. Padeloup, has taken place. M. Padeloup, you are aware, is the founder of the *Société des Jeunes Artistes*, and is a very fit person for the direction of the present undertaking. The popularisation of good music, in which the French had been long far behind us, has lately, so far as regards vocal music, made immense strides in France, through the Orpheonist societies, of which M. Delaporte has been so active and successful an organiser and stimulator. It remained to render the instrumental music of the great masters of composition equally familiar; and the present enterprise may be regarded as a first and very important effort in that direction. Well, this first concert, it must be admitted, as far as the programme goes, its execution, and the attention with which the large audience gathered together received it—they filled the spacious arena of the *Cirque Napoleon*—is of most favourable augury for the success and influence of the movement. As many as 6000 persons were present at the opening concert, and this fact certainly testifies to the existence of an enormous public in France who take an earnest and elevated view of musical art. I confess I did not anticipate this result, and—*Messieurs les Français, je vous en fais sincèrement mes compliments. C'est beau! C'est très beau!* The programme of the next concert exhibits a tendency, I am sorry to observe, to take liberties in interpreting the word "classical," in the composite significance of which term, I take it, one essential ingredient is a strict adherence to the exact text, and perfect integrity of the master's work. It means the work—the whole work—and nothing but the work. Now, in this second programme we have two violations of this golden rule, which unobserved makes the use of the word "classical" a false pretence. First, we have a fragment of a concerto for the violoncello by Molique. Why a fragment? Fragments let us have of great works, by all means, when the whole has disappeared; but wantonly to mutilate Apollo of Belvidere or Venus of Medici, in order to show us a nose or a thumb, which may or may not be beautiful, as it harmonises or not with the remainder of the figure—such an act is barbarous, and not to be classed among civilised and civilising proceedings—therefore not "classical." Next we have the *Invitation à la Valse*, by Weber, "*orchestrée* par M. Berlioz." With all due respect to M. Berlioz and his powers of orchestration, this annexation of himself to Weber is not "classical," excepting so far as it reminds us of Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector round the walls of Troy. Weber is classical; but not Weber cum Berlioz. So Berlioz may possibly be considered classical; but, if it were not, Berlioz cum Weber, paradoxical as it may seem, would be even less so. A musical composition is not like a treatise of law, and capable of subsequent engraftings by other and later pundits. Coke upon Littleton, and Stephens's Blackstone, have not their parallels in the Temple of the Muses, or "Kolley Kibber" and Tait might have a place elsewhere than in its obscure crypts. Dixi.

In London you all are familiar with the Flemish breed of horses; their stalwart proportions, drawing the drays and carts of Barclay,

Meux, or Hanbury, are the pride of the London streets. But as yet you know not whether the Flemish jackass is of equally Brobdignagian stature. Well, I am led to conjecture that he is even more monstrous. *Onager elephantinus* would be a proper title for him, judging purely from his bray, of which a contemporary has furnished us with a specimen. The quadruped calls himself for the present *Le Guide Musical Belge*, and putting his head over the hedge, which for the present makes two kingdoms of France and Belgium, shakes his long ears on which he rests his title of musical guide, we suppose, opes his jaws, and hee-haws bravely to an effect which I will not repeat *in extenso*. It is enough to say that he pretends to describe how the principal nations of Europe listen to music. The English, he says, talk when the music begins, and leave off in the pauses; the French talk all the time, through pause and performance; the Italians listen only to a tenor or a prima donna; and the Germans deliberately dwell upon its flavour, digest and meditate over it. What the Belgians do he omits to say, perhaps because he is afraid to class the Belgians among the nations of Europe. In so far his long ears belie him, and for this modesty and discretion he shall go without further punishment. But let him not attempt satire again, or stray from his native pasturages—his Brussel sprouts of homely dullness, or the stripes of our indignation shall transfigure him into a very zebra.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Singacademie lately held its annual general meeting, and elected its officers for the ensuing year. Prince George Czartoryski was elected president, and Herr Stagnmayer chorus-master, by eighty-one votes out of eighty-two, a pretty good majority. The first concert of the Society will take place in the Redoutensaal, on the 15th instant, when the programme will include choruses by J. S. Bach, Lotti, Durante, Benevoli, Eccard, Calvisius, Michael Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Blumner, as well as a "bass-arioso" with chorus out of the last-named composer's new oratorio, *Abraham*.—You may, possibly, recollect another Society here called the Bachverein, which was founded by the late Herr Fischhof, and which Herr Selmar Bagge made an ineffectual attempt to keep up. It appears that a quantity of music belonging to it remained, after its dissolution, in the hands of Mad. Mauthner—in whose house, by the way, its first meetings were held—and, also, of Herr Bagge. The lady has since died, and her heirs have presented the Singacademie with the valuable music in her possession. In consequence of this, Herr Bagge, too, has made the Singacademie a present of the rest of the music which formerly belonged to the Bachverein, and which had long been lying in his house.—The committee of the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde have just issued their programme for the ensuing season. It has met with almost universal approbation, but the Society will have to exert themselves to the utmost, in order that their efforts this year may not be eclipsed by what they have already done. After a series of victories, the danger of a diminution in the favour of the musical public is not so distant as people are inclined to believe. The spirit of rivalry, too, which has of late years given such a reassuring and hopeful impulse to musical Vienna, is evidently on the increase, so that the old Imperial city no longer merits, as far as music is concerned, to be stigmatised as an "intellectual Capua."

Schubert's charming operetta, with Castelli's amusing libretto, has at length been given at the Opera-house, under the double title of *Die Verschworenen* (*Der häusliche Krieg*). This opera, as I informed you at the time, was just revived last year by the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde, and most warmly welcomed. It was not as successful as it should have been at the Opera-house, not from any shortcomings in the music, nor want of talent in the libretto, but simply because the performance was, for several reasons, not what it ought to have been. For instance, it was a mistake to cast the part of Astolf to Herr Erl, who has long since ceased to be a satisfactory representative of youthful lovers. The *mise-en-scène*, moreover, was bad, and the chorus, with their stupid conventional attitudes and groupings, anything but delectable to behold. It is but just to say, however, that, as far as regards the

musical getting-up of the operetta, Herr Dessoff had done all that lay in his power to ensure a hit, but, as we say here, "*Der Mensch denkt; Gott lenkt*." I must state, by the way, that, with the exception of Herr Erl, the artists were well suited to the parts assigned them, and both sang and acted with great spirit.—In the course of the last fortnight we have had two performances of *Les Deux Journées*, the German for which is, *Der Wasserträger*, in which Herr Beck is particularly good, and well supported by Mlle. Hoffmann, Herren Mayerhofer, Erl, Lay, Walter, and Liebisch. The orchestra, under Herr Dessoff, played with great spirit.

Paris is not the only capital which has taken to building new theatres. Although not going into bricks and mortar—or rather stone and mortar, perhaps—to lodge the Muses of Poetry and Music, on so grand a scale as her sister on the banks of the Seine, Vienna, also, will soon have a new Imperial Opera-house. Without counting those appropriated to the Court, there will be ninety-eight boxes, each box being calculated to hold six persons. Thirty-six of these, including those for the court, will be on the first tier. The house will, in addition to this, contain 690 reserved seats (of which 430 will be in the pit), 930 unreserved seats, and standing room for 500 persons more; for, as your readers are no doubt aware, there is in all German theatres a large vacant space at the back and round the sides of the pit, where when it is not too full, the spectator may walk about as at a Promenade Concert. Thus the new edifice will hold conveniently 2740 persons, while the present Kärntnerthor-Theater can contain only 1650. There will be four galleries. By not having a fifth tier, not only will the height be more in keeping with the breadth, but the theatre will be far superior in its acoustic qualities.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Hauptmann has received the Guelph-Order from the king of Hanover. The following was the programme at the second Gewandhaus concert: overture to *Les Abencerrages*, by Cherubini; concert-aria by Mozart, sung by Herr Schnorr von Karolsfeld; concerto for the piano, by Schumann, played by Herr Dreychock; songs by Schumann, and nocturne by Dreychock. Second part: Beethoven's Symphony in B flat major. Annexed is the programme of the third concert: Part I. Symphony No. 3 (C minor), by Spohr; Aria, "Ah perfido," Beethoven; Concerto-allegro, for violoncello, composed and played by Herr R. Davidoff. Part II. Overture to *Medea*, by Bargiel (first time); Cavatina from Bellini's *Sonnambula*; fantasia on one of Schubert's waltzes, by Servais, performed by H. Davidoff, and overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.

STUTTGART.—Herr Eckert has commenced his duties as Capellmeister by getting up Auber's *Gustave III.*, which had not been performed for some twenty years. Hitherto he has afforded great satisfaction by the zeal and activity he has displayed in his new office. By the way, the public has now been made acquainted by Herr Kücken himself with the reasons which induced him to resign his office as Capellmeister. He felt grieved at a second Capellmeister, in the person of Herr Eckert, being appointed without his knowledge, and, so to say, behind his back. He looked upon this as a personal insult, and, in order to avoid being exposed to such in future, sent in his resignation on the 26th of September, and, on the 30th, received official notice that it had been accepted.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The foundation of a Conservatory of Music by the members of the Russian Musical Society has at length received the sanction of the proper authorities. Herr Rubinstein has been requested to undertake its organisation and management. This has induced him to abandon the idea of making a professional tour for the next three or four years, and to return at once to the banks of the Neva. The new Conservatory, fashioned on the model of the Conservatory at Paris, will not only provide a complete course of instruction in all the branches of vocal and instrumental music, as well as of composition, and every accomplishment for the concert-room, but will adopt proper measures for the æsthetic and scientific education of the pupils. An "Operatic School" will constitute an integral and prominent part of the institution. It is moreover intended to establish, at some future time, schools for drama, ballet, and scene-painting.

THE OPERA COMIQUE. ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

BERTON.

HENRI MONTAN BERTON, born in Paris on the 17th September, 1767, was a son of Pierre Montan Berton, conductor of the orchestra at the opera, and composer. Like Méhul, Cherubini, and Lesueur, Henri Berton wrote at the same time for the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, and he is therefore not so strictly within the scope of this history as the early composers whose biography I have written in some detail, namely, Monsigny, Grétry, Dalayrac, &c.

He had lived amidst the world of music from his infancy, and at six years of age could read off a sonata at sight. At an early age he went into the orchestra over which his father presided, as a violinist, and it was by accompanying the masterpieces of Glück and Piccini, far more than from the few lessons of harmony he obtained from his associates in the orchestra, that he gained his musical education.

At fifteen he fell in love with the *prima donna*, Mlle. Maillart, who from a ballet dancer had risen to the position of principal singer at the Opéra. A son was born to them, who bore the name of François Berton, and became a composer of some promise, but died prematurely of cholera in 1832.

Henri Berton had adapted music to a libretto entitled, *La Dame Invisible*, and was anxious to know whether what he had produced had any merit in it. Mlle. Maillart undertook to show it to Sacchini, who, detecting in it the germ of a genuine talent, consented to give the young artist some advice. Thanks to this patronage, Berton was enabled to get several oratorios, the result of his handiwork, executed at the Concert Spirituel. Finally, in 1787, an Opéra Comique, called *Les Promesses de Mariage*, and shortly after *La Dame Invisible*, which he had re-touched since it was first written, were produced by him. After bringing out a few insignificant works, he produced at the Comédie Italienne, on the 23rd August, 1790, *Les Rigueurs du Cloître*. The success of this work, the libretto of which was written by Fiévée, was marked and well deserved. The score commences immediately after the overture with a brilliant and spirited duo between Lucile and the Count, "Ah! de grâce." The chorus of nuns, "Ah! quel scandale abominable," is comical and effective; the *allegro agitato* of Lucile in the second act: "Où fuir?" and the chorus, "Grand Dieu, reçois ce sacrifice!" are extremely pathetic, and fully answer the intention of the composer.

After this Berton gave forth several works, which met with an indifferent reception. During the reign of terror the taste of the public scarcely affected comedies interspersed with songs, and the only pieces which attracted were those on patriotic subjects, and slight productions inspired by passing events, which cost their authors but little pains, and were only performed a very limited number of times. The most popular writers would no longer take the trouble to write libretti with any care. Meanwhile Berton had given up his connection with Mlle. Maillart, who still reigned supreme at the Opéra, troubling herself very little about her former friend, who had got married, and having a family to maintain was in the most straitened circumstances. Unable to obtain a subject he resolved to write one himself, and thus establish a twofold claim to the authorship of *Ponce de Léon*, an opéra comique in three acts, performed for the first time in 1794, and obtained a considerable *succès d'estime*, but which did not produce sufficient money to rescue him from his embarrassments.

In 1799, Berton, while living in a garret furnished with severe simplicity, was called on by a then celebrated writer of words, who had collaborated with him on a former occasion, *Le Nouveau d'Assas*, played in 1791, being their joint work. This was the poet Dejaure.* He had brought with him the libretto of *Montano et Stéphanie*, which was accepted at the Favart, and had been offered to Grétry, who had, however, then given up writing, and replied, "You require a musician who is still of an age to feel the

influence of passion, and has yet experience of the stage. The man who fulfils at once both these conditions is little Berton. Take my advice, take your book to him, and he will give you back a chef-d'œuvre." This prediction was well verified; Berton fell in love with the subject he had to treat, and his score was finished in a month. It was in very fact a masterpiece. The intelligence of dramatic effect and the originality of style which assign to Berton a separate place among the musicians of France shine in it to an eminent degree. In order to enter more completely into the poem he had to set to music, Berton endeavoured to represent the characters to himself as actually present, and he himself says of a situation which he had to conduct by means of music in the introduction,—"I had to make five principal characters act and speak. So I chose out five large corks: the first to the left of the spectator was Stéphanie; the second Léonati; the third Salvator; the fourth Montano; and the fifth Altamont. The small corks which I placed behind these represented the officers and the persons of their suite. This exact statistical diagram of the picture which I desired the stage to present was of great assistance to me, for by bringing forward or throwing back this or that personage, when any one of them appeared to have been too long silent, I more completely identified myself with the interest and the eminently pathetic character of this fine dramatic situation."

The first performance took place on the 26th of May 1799, and was crowned with immense success, notwithstanding the fearful uproar which burst forth on the appearance of the singer Solié upon the stage in the garb of a priest. The riotous shouts of the republicans drowned the voice of Gavandau, who played the part of Montano, as well as that of Jenny Bouvier*, the representative of Stéphanie. It was found necessary, however, to withdraw the piece, which was only performed thrice. The causes alleged for this sacrifice are stated by a contemporary critic to have been "because it required the presence upon the stage of personages wounding the susceptibility of republican eyes and ears." It was not revived until 1804, when Dejaure was dead, and Legouvé made some changes in the third act which were deemed necessary. Among the pieces of music in this work which deserve mention, besides the fine overture, which Berton wrote on the very day of performance, are "Oui, c'est demain que l'hyménée," the melody of which is broad and full of sentiment; the graceful duet "Venez, aimable Stéphanie!" and the trio "O mes enfants." But the palm over all is to be given to the finale with its celebrated crescendo, which never yet failed to carry away the audience.

After *Montano*, Berton's best work was *Le Délire*, in one act (1799), which exhibited the faculty possessed by this composer of throwing a varied colouring over his music, and adapting its style to the subject he was handling.

Two works, very different in merit, succeeded each other in 1802 and 1803: 1st, *Le Concert interrompu*, in one act, and containing two pretty soprano airs, "Jeunes beautés, craignez les tristes chaînes," and "Oui, fuyez loin de mon âme;" 2nd, *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, which, of all Berton's operas, has been most frequently revived. The composer has studiously sought, and often with felicitous success, to give a local colouring to this score. We have only to read the first and second acts to perceive this to be the fact, for they are marked with an original oriental character, while the second act sparkles with *provençal* gaiety.

In 1806 Berton adapted music to Elleviou's opera, *Dellia et Werdi Kan*. In the same year also he produced the score of *Les Muris Garçons*, so full of easy gaiety, and an excellent type of the French comic opera. Elleviou, in singing, "Pour triompher de la beauté," in which he was admirably seconded by Martin, invariably brought the house down.

In 1809 Berton brought out *Françoise de Foix* in three acts, containing a trio, "A mon aspect," which was much applauded.

In his later operas we miss the fire of *Montano et Stéphanie*. His mind had grown dull under the effect of a succession of misfortunes, for his career had been anything but a prosperous one. He had survived his reputation, though it is even now great. At any rate his pieces ceased to be in vogue, and the disappointment

* Jean Elie Bendene Dejaure, born in 1761, died December 5, 1799. He was the writer, as will be seen hereafter, who most commonly supplied words to R. Kreutzer.

* Jenny Bouvier was the daughter of a violin player in the orchestra; she sang with taste, but her voice was feeble.

was bitter to him. His old age was rendered sad and gloomy by the continued poverty which clung to him through life. To go back to the time when Dejaure sought him out in his attic, and brought him the libretto of *Montano et Stéphanie*, he was in the deepest despair, and on the point of giving up the subject which had captivated his enthusiasm, from the want of a few francs to buy music paper with. A friend procured him work of a slavish description, which enabled him to keep life and soul together until his opera appeared; but scarcely had his work won the favour of the public, than the republican government prohibited its performance. Ever afterwards it brought him in scarcely anything.

At a later period, in 1820, when he was quite forgotten, in order to bring his name back to the memory of the actors, Berton gave up the copyright of his work to the Opéra Comique, then managed by an association of artists, for a life annuity of three thousand francs. But the theatre failed, and Berton was robbed of his last resource. He died in April, 1842, having lost every one of his children.

MAD. GRIST'S FAREWELL TOUR.

(From our own correspondent.)

The artists seem to derive as much pleasure from their tour, as they afford the public by their performances in the different towns they visit.

Travelling evidently agrees with them, and apparently tends to develop their individual resources of fun and amusement: all they have, in fact, to think about, provided their voices are in good tune, the cares and petty annoyances incidental to travelling being thrown upon the shoulders of the managers, whose particular task it is to pay railway fares, hotel bills, and to find the means of doing so.

If the curtain were to rise after Norma had made the last unavailing appeal to her stern parent, or Amina had done rejoicing so wildly over Elvino, Norma would very probably be found in capital spirits, enjoying a *bon-mot* with Oroveso, or receiving a warm embrace from Adalgisa, who had been waiting for the Diva to finish the opera, in order that they might go home in the same carriage to the hotel; and Amina might be seen skipping merrily to her dressing-room, delighted with the success of "Ah! non giunge."

Good humour pervades the party generally. A passing cloud of anxiety may darken the radiant brow of the Diva, if the daily letter from her family in Paris should happen to be delayed. The telegraph is then quickly brought into requisition—a message transmitted requesting immediate explanation of the silence, and before the answer is received, or even time elapsed for the despatch to have reached its destination, the anxiously awaited letter makes its appearance, bringing back smiles and sunshine by the good news it contains. In such moments of uncertainty and expectation, the whole party exert themselves to mitigate the anxiety of the prima donna. One starts off to the post-office, another to the telegraph-station, messengers are sent to the theatre, inquiries are made in every possible direction where the missing letter might have strayed. Ciampi is invaluable on such occasions. He is the *buffo par excellence* before the public as well as among his *compagnons de voyage*, who sometimes try his patience by the practical jokes they play off upon him. Orders are given to "boots" to wake him at the most unseasonable hours. "No. 40 to be called at five o'clock," is written upon the porter's slate, in the hall of the hotel, according to which instruction, the pleasant dreams of Ciampi are disturbed by the most tremendous knocking at his door, which does not cease until "boots" is satisfied at having done his duty. Occasionally great pains are taken by some of the most mischievous of the set (which, strictly speaking, includes all of them), to prepare a surprise for the *buffo comico*, in the shape of a bed commonly known as apple-pie. When such a plan is in progress it is necessary to divert the attention of the intended *bénéficiaire*, and he is prevented by some means or other from going to his room until the arrangements are completed. To enjoy the result of their operations, the *compagnons de voyage* assemble, "with stealthy step and bated breath," in the corridor near to their victim's chamber. They wait in silence. Presently growling, indicative of wrath, accompanied by sundry

mysterious sounds, is heard from within the room. "Che diavolo! che cosa è 'sta roba!" is the sentence first indistinctly heard. The conspirators betray themselves in a laughing chorus, and Ciampi opens his door threatening all with vengeance on the morrow. His troubles are not, however, at an end, for notwithstanding that he has succeeded in remaking the bed, he has not removed the fire-irons which have been cunningly concealed therein, and with which he comes violently into contact when he lies down. "Per bacco!" he screams, "è troppe forte!" an assertion which is answered by shouts of derision from the demons of torment outside, who, now that their machinations have had the desired effect, retire triumphantly for the night. But Ciampi will have his revenge, and very likely will completely turn the tables upon the ringleader of the conspirators for the following two or three days. The performances, during the past week, will have been

Monday, Nov. 4, *Norma*, and last act of *Sonnambula*. Tuesday, Nov. 5, *Don Giovanni*—Theatre Royal, Shrewsbury.

Wednesday, Nov. 6, Evening Concert, at Chester.

Thursday, Nov. 7, *Norma*, and last act of *Sonnambula*, at Liverpool.

Friday, Nov. 8, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Saturday, Nov. 9, Acts from *Don Giovanni*, *Sonnambula* and *Barbière*—Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Strange, to say, *Don Giovanni* does not seem to be so attractive to the supporters of Italian Opera in the provinces as *Norma*. The latter invariably draws the most crowded houses, perhaps attributable to the fact of its being more identified than any other opera with the name of the eminent prima donna, and this being the last opportunity of seeing her in the rôle she has made so entirely her own. Nevertheless, it is surprising, considering the fame of Mozart's masterpiece, and how seldom it is given in its integrity out of London.

Brilliant success has attended the party wherever they have appeared. Great interest has been excited by the announcements of the operas for the first time, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, an experiment under the dramatic licence which has recently been granted to the indefatigable manager of the oratorios and popular concerts hitherto given in the same locality.

The Hall has been adapted to the performances; a stage erected, and appropriate scenery painted, so that the operas will be represented quite as effectively as in any theatre, while greater perfection in the *ensemble* than has as yet been heard in Manchester may be expected.

Letters to the Editor.

MEYERBEER'S BIRTHDAY.

SIR,—Your last week's impression contained a remarkable effusion from the pen of a gentleman professing to give the exact date of the above-named composer's birth-day.

With the logic and grammar of that effusion I have nothing whatever to do. The date 1791 is however not correct, and without attaching so much importance to it as A. H. appears to do, I think it is just as well to have correct data upon which future historians may base their calculations. Meyerbeer was born in 1794; but the day and month are unknown to me, to all his biographers, and, judging from his silence on the subject, most likely to himself.—Yours, &c. JOHN TOWERS.

"Opera Habitué" is anxious to know if any arrangement is in progress for the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre next season? Is there any chance of Mr. Lumley becoming once more the lessee?

[Lumley, you're wanted.—ED. M. W.]

SIR,—Will you tell me Signor Giuglini's address in London? Do you know if Mlle. Tietiens will sing at any of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts during the ensuing season? Will the above-mentioned singers appear in Italian Opera in London before next season? HERMINE.

[To the first question—not knowing, can't say; to the second—we hope, yes; to the third—we believe, no.—ED.]

BRESLAU.—Herr de Ahna, the violinist from Coburg, has been playing compositions of Ernst and Bassini with success. He has produced a favourable impression. The operetta of *Fortunio's Lied* is the principal attraction, for the moment, at the theatre.

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich concerts began on the 22nd ult. with Haydn's *Creation*. Mad. Rübsamen-Veith, from Cassel, Herr Schneider, from Wiesbaden, and Herr Becker, from Mannheim, were engaged to sing the solos.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

IN announcing that the Fourth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts (established Feb. 7th, 1859) will commence on the evening of Monday, Nov. 1st, the Director has again to tender his thanks for the liberal and unremitting support with which his undertaking has been honoured, and again respectfully to solicit its continuance.

The plan upon which the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted, and their form and character as musical entertainments, are now so widely known, that it is unnecessary to add anything to the explanations already published. It was originally intended, in 1859, to give six performances, and to repeat the experiment, should it turn out successful, from year to year. So warm and unanimous, however, was the response to this first appeal—an appeal based not less upon a faith in the ability of the general public to appreciate than in the power of genuine music to attract and charm—that during the first season the proposed six concerts were increased to eleven, during the second to twenty-seven, and during the third to twenty-four. The programmes of these sixty-two concerts (to which must be added eleven, held in Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow) have included nearly all the trios, quartets, quintets, and double quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, many quartets by Haydn, Dussek, Cherubini, Schubert, Spohr, E. J. Loder, A. Mellon, &c., the most celebrated sonatas and other compositions for pianoforte, solo or concerted, by Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Schubert, Dussek, Clementi, Pinto, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, McFarren, &c., and several of the harpsichord works of Handel, Scarlatti, and Sebastian Bach, together with a large number of songs, duets, and other vocal pieces from the ancient and modern schools of Italy, Germany, France, and England. As executants, in every department, the most eminent artists have been provided, and engagements contracted with renowned performers abroad as well as at home. A constant attendance at St. James's Hall, throughout a series of Monday Popular Concerts, was, therefore, equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber-music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the first professors of the day.

In the forthcoming series, while many of those pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have met with the greatest amount of favour will, from time to time, as a matter of expediency, be repeated, a fair proportion of novelty will help to strengthen the attractions and enrich the repertory of the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme of the first (sixty-third) concert, as may be seen by the subjoined, combines a due admixture of both elements—

PART I.
Quartet, in A minor, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello ... MENDELSSOHN.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)
Song, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west" (*Comus*) ... ARNE. 1
Song, "So il padre perdei" (*Idomeneo*) ... MOZART.
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7 ... BEETHOVEN.

PART II.
Sonata, in G, Op. 62, for pianoforte and violin ... DUSSEK.
Song, "The three ages of love" ... E. J. LODER.
Song, "Zuleika" ... MENDELSSOHN.
Quartet, in F major, No. 48, for two violins, tenor and violoncello ... HAYDN.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)

* * First violin—M. VIEUXTEMPS. Second violin—Herr RIES. Viola—MR. WEBB.

Violoncello—M. PAULÉ.

Pianist—MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.

Vocalists—Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA and Mr. WINN.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

The quartets are now heard for the first time at St. James's Hall, and consequently for the first time at these concerts. That of Mendelssohn belongs to the astonishingly fertile period of his early youth which gave birth to the quartet in E flat (op. 12), the quintet in A, and the octet in E flat (all of which have been given more than once at the Monday Popular Concerts), and immediately preceded the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first published orchestral symphony (in C minor) and the first pianoforte concerto. Like the earlier quartet in E flat, it contains a quaint middle-movement—this time not "canzonetta," as in the other, but "intermezzo"—in which one of the most individual phases of Mendelssohn's genius is vividly predicted. Among the eighty-two string quartets of Haydn, all that need be said here of the one in F major, is what has been said so often of so many of his companions—"that it is one of the very best and most genial of the numerous family." Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone—a bright example of his early genius—will doubtless be recognized by a large part of the audience as an old and valued acquaintance; Dussek's in G, for pianoforte and violin (the fellow of the one in B flat, which has taken such a stand at the Monday Popular Concerts), as a more recent one, losing nothing by closer familiarity. This sonata was first performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski, at the twenty-third concert of the third season, July 1st, 1861; and, as it possesses the same genuine and brilliant qualities as its better-known companion, promises, like that companion, to win back all the popularity in the present day which it can hardly fail to have enjoyed in the zenith of its composer's fame. The vocal music must speak for itself.

The reception accorded last season to M. Vieuxtemps justified the Director in offering that distinguished violinist a fresh engagement, which he has accepted. M. Vieuxtemps will lead the five concerts preceding Christmas. At the second (Nov. 26th), Signor Piatti, and at the fourth (Dec. 9th), Miss Arabella Goddard, will respectively make their first appearances.

* * In the course of the ensuing series of concerts, the whole of the Posthumous Quartets and last pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven will be given; besides some revivals from Dussek and other great pianoforte composers; a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Auber (composer of *Masaniello*); and vocal pieces by Italian, French, German, and English composers of the last and beginning of the present century.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

IN a musical sense the season of the New Exhibition promises to be more interesting and more important than that of the old Exhibition. Everybody believes beforehand that the year of grace 1862 will eclipse that of 1851 in all that relates to the glorification and furtherance of Music. The notes of preparation already sounded seem like flourishes that directly herald such a result. The great Handel Commemoration of 1851 at the Crystal Palace, with large reinforcements in the band and chorus, and with serious modifications and improvements in the construction of the orchestra, will be repeated, and will constitute the special feature of the season. Even now the Festival is announced, and the sixteen hundred amateurs that make up the metropolitan contingent of the choir have been summoned by Mr. Costa to Exeter Hall for preliminary rehearsals. The success of the Handel Commemoration in the Great Exhibition Year was not likely to be overlooked by the general manager, Mr. Robert Bowley, who is so keenly alive to the interests of the Crystal Palace, and who never loses an opportunity of turning chances to the best account. That the performances this year will surpass those of 1851 we have every reason to expect. From the increase of the choral and orchestral forces a vast deal may not be anticipated. In the disposition of the orchestra and the prevention of the sound from being lost in the surrounding aisles much may be effected. At present the addition of numbers to the singers and players will but lead to confusion and tumult. What should be done we cannot advise, but that something must be done to keep the sound within a certain area, and render it audible in more than one position we feel convinced.

What is intended to constitute the particular musical feature in the new building at Kensington Gore has not transpired, beyond the performances of the new pieces written expressly for the inauguration by Auber, Meyerbeer, and Sterndale Bennett. If nothing else, however, be presented, no small interest will attach to the execution of these original works by such eminent composers.

Of the Italian Theatres almost all is yet surmise. That Her Majesty's Theatre will open for the season we have no doubt, but whether under the management of Mr. Lumley or some other *impresario* we cannot say. Should this time-honoured establishment uncloset its doors, not only will several of the recognised stars of Italian song shine conspicuously—among whom we need hardly name Mlle.

Titians and Signor Ginglini—but a new artist, of the highest talent, histrionic and vocal, is expected to appear in the person of Madame Galetti, about whom Italian journals and Italian audiences are extremely enthusiastic. Madame Galetti is described as a singer of the Pasta school, with a powerful mezzo-soprano voice and great tragic powers—just such an artist, in fact, as is wanted in the present day. At the Royal Italian Opera unusual interest attaches to the rumour—well founded, we believe—of the engagement of Sophie Cruvelli (Madame la Baronne Vigier), who has yielded to Mr. Gye's entreaties to leave for awhile her domestic retirement, and will appear in several of those parts which she may be said to have made her own some years since; such as *Fidelio*, *Elvira* in *Ernani*, *Abigail* in *Nabucco*, &c. &c.

The prospectus of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, just issued, contains some interesting particulars. The performances will take place in the Hanover Square Rooms, a site which, for many reasons, we consider better adapted to the celebrated choir than St. James's Hall. Several novelties will be produced, among which we may mention Handel's *Chandos Anthem*, "The Lord is my light," which has not been executed in public since 1786, when it was given at the Ancient Concerts, and Sebastian Bach's motett for double choir, "I wrestle and pray." On the whole, Mr. Henry Leslie seems determined to keep pace with the exigencies of the time and the occasion, and we have little doubt that the performances of the choir will, as they have done for several years past, be reckoned among the most striking and finished musical achievements of the season.

Some talk there is of Drury-Lane being opened with English Opera, and even with Italian Opera. Mr. E. T. Smith, we understand, has made an offer to Miss Louisa Pyne to appear in a series of operas during the season. If Miss Pyne does not accept, he may be driven to Italy for his musical company. One thing is certain; Mr. Smith will not be idle in so tempting and exhilarating a juncture, as the Exhibition year.

The Monday Popular Concerts, which commence the winter season on Monday week, will, we have no doubt, be extended farther than last year into the summer. The performances of these admirably conducted concerts, with their rich and rare variety of music of the highest order, cannot fail to create a greater interest than ever, and, indeed, as they are entitled to do, divide attention with the choicest and most *recherché* entertainments provided elsewhere.

To conclude for the present,—we have advanced enough to prove that the forthcoming season is full of promise, and that the musical art, if not directly represented at the Great Exhibition, is likely to uphold its prestige and its pre-eminence, in spite of the fact of its being all but ignored by the Committee of the New Palace. Let music not despair because circumstances are adverse and directors are ignorant. *Magna est musica et prevalebit!*

IT is scarcely forty years since, even among musicians whose position demanded that they should be thoroughly educated in their art, anything like an intimate acquaintance with the works of Sebastian Bach was a fact of uncommon occurrence. To many the old master was known by name alone. Only a very few persons were acquainted with certain of his productions, and even those persons not unfrequently attached nothing more than a historical value to what he had written. The majority of German musicians had almost entirely forgotten one of their greatest and most

important masters, without ranging themselves more particularly under the banners of any more modern composer.* Let it not be said that Beethoven became, immediately after Sebastian Bach, the popular hero of the period. Although, even during his lifetime, he had no lack of admirers and sincere followers, there were many, on the other hand, who could not reconcile themselves to the eccentricities and oddities which marked the last period of Beethoven's productive activity. Those who, for such reasons, did not then worship him, inclined as a rule much more to Haydn and Mozart than to the old "Cantor" of the Thomaskirche at Leipsic, whose long-tailed periwig, strange to say, was, in the eyes of many, the image of his "rococo-music." It is true that, by musicians who, in their day, really understood Haydn and Mozart, the influence exercised upon the writings of the latter by Sebastian Bach was not ignored. It is also well known that, in the course of their education, Haydn and Mozart were made acquainted with Sebastian Bach's compositions, although it cannot be denied each of these masters pursued a path of his own, and only now and then walked a short distance with old Sebastian. Beethoven† is, in our opinion, more nearly allied than his predecessors to Bach, although, in virtue of his creative powers, he asserted his freedom from any authority, recognising it only when it in no ways impeded the lofty flight of his fancy and his invariably genial aspirations. To this we attribute the fact that even Beethoven did not effect as much for the full and universal appreciation of Bach's works as he might, and that in his time there were many who did not feel inclined to accord the great contrapuntist and church composer that rank to which he had a just claim. Hence an intimate acquaintance with Bach's works was still rare in Beethoven's time, and hence at that period we actually find Bach's disciples only among musicians scattered here and there as organists and directors of Singacademies, or such as had been fortunate enough to know some of Bach's own pupils, and by them have been inspired with a taste for his music.

Things looked decidedly better when Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy appeared upon the scene. With him a new era commenced for the Bach-school. Excited thereto by his master, Zelter, he became more intimately acquainted than any

* Thibaut, in his work, *On Purity in Music* (page 9), says—"Thus our so-called virtuosos, musical directors, and teachers, steal carefully away from what is old, and endeavour, by every means, to bring into disrepute the endless musical treasures of which we can boast, and they succeed only too well." At page 34 of the same work we read, "There is not the slightest chance for church music so long as we are compelled to admit that organists, such as our Apel, Ett, Rink, Umbreit, are to be regarded as rare phenomena. To what have our organists reduced us? To nothing more or less than this: that every half-judge of music but too frequently leaves the church, thoroughly disgusted at the musical trifling and bad taste of what he has heard." A similar opinion was pronounced at the same epoch by Carl Maria von Weber. At p. 70, vol. III. of his posthumous works he utters the following complaint: "The art of performing Sebastian Bach's compositions *effectively*, is, probably, altogether lost, since the enjoyment to be thence derived does not lie on the surface, while, on account of the richness of the harmonic structure, the external melodic contour does not stand out with that prominence which our vitiated ear requires."

† It was more especially at Vienna, in Van Swieten's house, that Beethoven became acquainted with Sebastian Bach's works. The music played was almost exclusively that of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the great Italian masters, up to Palestrina, Beethoven seldom missing a performance. The company frequently kept on playing far into the night; and there is a story current that old Van Swieten would very often not allow young Beethoven, whom he had taken under his especial protection, to leave the house until, in addition to everything else, he had played him some half-dozen fugues by Sebastian as "an evening blessing," or parting benediction.

other composer of modern times with Bach's works. Even when only twelve years of age, endowed with a truly miraculous power of reproducing the longest and most complicated compositions, Mendelssohn would play any fugue of Bach from memory. His love and partiality for Bach increased to such a degree, as he attained the ages of boyhood and manhood, that he felt it incumbent on him to use his great official influence, in various ways, for the Bach-school of music. Who is not acquainted with his efforts to procure a worthy performance in public of some of Bach's previously unknown compositions? Was it not Mendelssohn, also, who erected, in honour of the old master, at Leipzig—the principal scene of Bach's labours—a monument, thus giving his veneration material consistency? And is not the early death of this gifted master all the more to be deplored, inasmuch as, had the period of his labours been prolonged, he would have exerted himself still more to promote the study of Bach? But let us cease regretting;—even in this respect the labours of Mendelssohn brought forth a splendid harvest. While it is now almost universally acknowledged as absolutely indispensable that every thoroughly educated musician should be acquainted with Sebastian Bach, and have studied the inmost meaning of his compositions, no musical school of any importance neglects the great fugue-writer, and no Singacademie omits to perform his works,—nay, several have, during the last forty or fifty years, produced them very often, and thus facilitated the appreciation of his worth by the professional and non-professional public in an equal degree.

In the first rank of the institutions which can boast of having promoted and spread a love and knowledge of Bach's music, stand the Singacademie of Berlin, and that at Breslau, under the direction of Mosewius*; Stern's Verein, at Berlin; Riedel's, at Leipsic, &c. Connected with the foregoing are, also, those musical associations which perform exclusively Bach's music (like the Bach-Verein, founded at Vierling's suggestion, and conducted under his management, in Berlin and Frankfort-on-the-Oder), or disseminate better editions of his works, like the Bach-Society in Leipsic, the object of which is eventually to publish a complete edition of all that has proceeded from the old master's pen. While mentioning what has been done, in recent times, to diffuse a feeling of appreciation for his music, we must not forget the very great services rendered by the most celebrated teachers of musical composition. Thus, thanks to all these combined efforts, such a pitch has been attained, that the number of musicians who can appreciate and perform satisfactorily Bach's works is becoming greater every year; a result, by the way, in which the music-schools founded, during the last thirty years, at all the principal centres of musical intelligence (such as Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Cologne, Dresden, London, and even Paris), have had their share. In all probability, Weber would no longer, at the present day, give utterance to the complaint, that the art of performing Bach's compositions effectively was lost, since first-class organists now enable us to hear his most difficult works for the organ, rendered in a style which cannot leave a doubt on our minds that the performer thoroughly understands them;—nay, even first-class violin-players already take a pride in studying his violin sonatas, which, difficult as the latter are, they not unfrequently master skilfully and happily. These are all con-

vincing proofs that the old master is beginning to make his way, and that, in many circles, musical taste is not at such a low ebb as several persons have thought themselves called upon to assert. In conclusion, we cannot help expressing a wish that Sebastian Bach may some day find a biographer who shall, as Otto Jahn has done in his biography of Mozart, critically sift the materials at his disposal, and fashion them into an artistic whole. Forkel's book on the *Life, Art, and Productions of Sebastian Bach*, although a valuable addition to the literature of the period at which it was written, will not do for the present age. The great activity recently manifested in this department, more especially, of musical literature, induces us to indulge in the hope that we shall not have to wait much longer for a comprehensive work on Sebastian Bach and his productions. For many musicians such a book has become a pressing necessity.

A. T.

MR. F. SCOTSON CLARKE is, we are given to understand, engaged upon the composition of an opera, the libretto of which is from the pen of a well-known and popular writer. It is not impossible that the opera, if completed, may be produced at one of the principal metropolitan theatres early in the season. Mr. Scotson Clarke, who, as a pianist and composer, has obtained a considerable share of publicity, is also a diligent professor of the organ, for which he writes and upon which he plays with equal readiness.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first of a series of vocal and instrumental performances, in which the musical frequenters of the Crystal Palace during the winter months have found such varied and healthy enjoyment, took place on Saturday afternoon—Herr Auguste Manns conductor. These concerts have taken as firm a hold in their way as the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's-hall, and upon equally solid and legitimate grounds. That they now form a conspicuous attraction among the many attractions of the unique building in which they are held is universally acknowledged; and that the eminent position they have attained in the estimation of all true amateurs as—*bona fide* "classical" performances, carried out in the same spirit of enterprise and good faith with which they were originally instituted—is mainly attributable to the untiring exertions of Herr Auguste Manns, who directs them with such energy and talent, will not less readily be admitted. Herr Manns, indeed, besides having gained a musical reputation for the Crystal Palace, has earned an honourable place for himself by the side of the few whose proceedings exercise any visible influence on the progress of the art in this country. His Saturday Winter Concerts have done already a world of good, and are likely to effect as much more. They are essentially "Philharmonic" in style and purport, like the time-honoured entertainments which next year are to celebrate their Jubilee in Hanover-square, or the famous subscription concerts at Leipsic, Paris, and Berlin; and, though the means of development are at present somewhat restricted, there is no reason whatever why they should not be gradually extended, until all the conditions of a philharmonic concert on a grand and comprehensive scale are realized. The symphony, in the hands of Herr Manns, has been the most effectual instrument of success. "The symphony, the whole symphony, and nothing but the symphony," is now, as it was from the first, his motto, and so long as he adheres to the policy it suggests his concerts must continue to increase in respectability and importance; for, with the advantage accruing from the same body of players incessantly practising together under the same conductor, it is manifest that the execution of the great orchestral works must, year after year, gain something both in precision and refinement. The programme of Saturday's concert was on all points attractive, and in its prominent features uniformly consistent with the plan which has elicited the unqualified approval and sympathy of those who prefer good music to indifferent, and who condemn that which is bad, no matter under what pretext (commercial, or as with a cynical and unwarranted contempt for the great public, it is sometimes denominated, "conciliatory")

* Mosewius occupies a very high place among those who exerted themselves to spread a taste for Bach's music. He founded the Breslau Singacademie, where he produced many of Bach's works, and, both by tongue and pen, has greatly extended the comprehension of them.

it may be brought forward. If any composition by a great master could persuade the "masses" into the firm belief that an orchestral symphony effectively performed is the highest and purest source of musical enjoyment, it is undoubtedly Beethoven's No. 2 in D major—an inspiration from beginning to end, a sort of "last look" at all that had gone before, and a magnificent prophecy of the new ideal art-world which the unrivalled genius of its composer was destined to create. From this symphony to the overture, called *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, by Méhul—a composer who, while French, was too solid, conscientious and independent (like his contemporary, the "Italian Mozart," Cherubini) to win the favour of Napoleon I. in art, very frequently prone to despise what he was incapable of understanding,—although the respective dates of their production were not very far apart, it was almost equivalent to travelling backwards half a century, so much was Germany at this particular period in advance of France as a musically productive nation. Nevertheless, this hunting overture of Méhul (whose *Adrienne* and other operatic preludes are well worth the attention of Herr Manns) is a masterpiece in its way—full of spirit, bright in colouring, and rich in melodic invention. Of the romantic overture to Weber's *Oberon* (like Beethoven's symphony and Méhul's overture, in the key of D major) nothing need be said; while of the so-called *Jubel* overture, by M. Flotow, which came at the end of the concert, nothing could easily be said that would be worth discussion. Suffice it that the band, directed by Herr Manns, maintained its well-earned reputation in all four pieces, and played so well as to afford promise of a rich and varied feast of orchestral harmony for the winter season.

The singers were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington—who, besides a somewhat hackneyed air by Haydn, introduced a new song, *à la valse*, the composition of Herr Manns, which she gave with so much brilliancy that she was called upon to repeat it; Miss Susanna Cole—who in a *cavatina* by Rossini, and a ballad by Macfarren ("The beating of my own heart") showed herself a mistress of two very opposite schools, her proficiency in the last of which, to judge from the "encore" awarded by the audience, was most heartily appreciated; and Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, whose pure classical style and fervid expression—still remembered, in spite of two years' absence—were displayed with the utmost effect in an exquisite air from Handel's *Acis and Galatea* ("Love in her eyes sits playing"), and in a characteristic song from his own pen, entitled "Are they meant but to deceive me?"—which exhibited more than one touch worthy the composer of that deservedly popular romance, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Altogether the concert was thoroughly appreciated by an audience less numerous than would undoubtedly have been the case had the weather been more propitious.—*Times*.

Provincial.

About the miscellaneous concert which took place on Tuesday evening week we make a transcript from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

"There was a larger attendance at the concert last evening, and particularly in the boxes and body of the hall. In addition to Mad. and Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti, as principals, there were included in that category Sig. Piatti, solo violoncello, and Mr. H. Blagrove, violin. Mad. Goldschmidt sang splendidly, and we may remark, that her reception was of a more enthusiastic character than on Monday, and there was a greater evidence of appreciation of her powers. Her first essay was in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and she gave it with enchanting pathos and expression. In Mozart's rondo, "Il Re pastore," she had ample opportunity for the display of her execution, of which she availed herself to the admiration of the audience. The well-known 'Bird Song,' and the 'Swedish Echo Song,' both of which may be said to be essentially her own, were executed with brilliancy of style and peculiar effects that reminded us more than anything she sang of the palmy days of Jenny Lind. Each was rapturously applauded; and at the close of the 'Echo Song,' there was almost an ovation by orchestra and audience, who rose *en masse* and cheered her, which she acknowledged by waving her adieu. One of the best features of the

concert was the duet from *Lucia*, sung by her and Mr. Sims Reeves. The same remark will apply to the trio 'Fia gratia al ciel,' from *Fidelio*. Mr. Sims Reeves sang even better than he did in *The Creation*. He gave Molique's beautiful song, "When the moon is brightly shining," splendidly, and was encored, with which demand he for once condescended to comply, and was absolutely cheered as he returned to the orchestra. Sig. Belletti shared largely in the honours of the evening. His rendering of the air 'Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore,' from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was a most finished vocal effort, and the pure style in which he executed the florid passages, stamped him as an artist of the first rank. The song was re-given. Sig. Piatti's performance consisted of two fantasias, in which he displayed marvellous execution, and great purity and delicacy of tone. In Beethoven's Choral Fantasia the vocal portion was not characterised by sufficient steadiness. The chorus sang Mendelssohn's part song, "Praise of Spring," well, with the exception of the trebles being a little flat; but in Mr. Goldschmidt's 'Summer evening,' there were several hitches, and the piece is of too classical a style to be appreciated by a general audience. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Figaro* were creditably given by the band."

The Shrewsbury Philharmonic Society inaugurated its eleventh season on Monday, the 21st ult., as we learn from *Eddowes's Journal*:—

"The Shrewsbury Philharmonic Society inaugurated their eleventh season by one of the most brilliant concerts they have ever given. At intervals of years we have had the immortals Lind, Piccolomini, Sophie Cruvelli, Grisi, Novello, Alboni, and Castellan, as the attractions of the inaugural concert of the society, but never has a greater success been achieved by the society or by the artist than was witnessed by the audience on Monday night, when the appearance of Mlle. Patti on the orchestra was the signal for one of the most enthusiastic ovations which we ever remember to have witnessed. The little *prima donna's* first piece was the duet with Mr. Weiss, 'Dunque io son,' during the first bars of which she showed to the audience that they were listening to an artiste with prodigious vocal facility, with an *attaque* unrivalled, a *fioriture* as faultless in conception as in execution, an enunciation as distinct as expressive, and a finish such as we have never before heard, not even in Persiana. Add to this a face in which the artiste shone forth radiant, an expression naive and charming in the extreme, and a diminutive but elegant figure, and the effect which Mlle. Patti has caused upon the polished audiences of the metropolis or the less refined masses of our large manufacturing towns is at once and easily accounted for. In a word, the success was transcendent. Mr. Weiss—England's glory as a genuine bass—exerted himself prodigiously; in fact, he had the lion's share of the work. He sang, among a host of other things, his own song, 'We were boys together,' and supplemented the achievement by giving as an encore his 'Village Blacksmith.' We must not omit to say that Patti, by special request, sang 'Sweet Home,' a ditty which in even mediocre hands is charming. To Mr. Walter Hay and the committee of management the public are deeply indebted for one of the most splendid and intellectual entertainments musical annals can boast of."

A Correspondent from *Hastings* writes as follows:—

By what I gather from the natives of this place it appears that musical entertainments are not very well supported, and the indifferent attendance at Herr Liebhich's soirée last week seems to warrant the assertion, the Music Hall being anything but well filled, despite the attractive names of Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Signor Piatti, being held out as an inducement. The latter artist being unfortunately unable to appear, and the want of adherence to the time announced for opening the doors, and commencing the performance (which seems so frequent a feature of provincial concerts), did not put the audience in a very good humour, although applause and encores were not wanting. A child three years of age, son of the concert-giver, who, I am given to understand, is a local professor, was set down for a pianoforte duet with his father. Knowing that your opinion coincides with my own, and the reflective portion of the public, on the subject of such precocious exhibitions I content myself with chronicling the fact.

If musical entertainments are not encouraged, performances, which can in no sense be said to be either musical or entertaining, seem to find their supporters; for from early morn to dewy eve (and a great deal later) open air concerts are rife, the materials and executants being many and various. Of course, there is the inevitable German brass-band, of some ten or a dozen individuals, with caps of a uniform pattern, and the equally inevitable band, brazen enough though it consist of but a clarionet and ophicleide, each asserting its independence by playing in a different key. Other minstrels are there, boasting of nothing uniform but their discord. An elderly Frenchman with only one arm,

thrumming a cracked guitar, and with an equally cracked voice chanting a lugubrious ditty, to which an unfortunate dog grotesquely attired walketh about moodily on his hind legs; a family of Swiss, dressed in the conventional costume of their country, comprising father, mother, daughter and two sons playing, and very well too, upon instruments called by the paterfamilias, melophon, of which he styles himself professor and inventor, said melophon somewhat resembling in appearance an overgrown guitar with a huge protuberance where the strings are ordinarily placed, and the finger-board covered with an eruption of pimples, after the fashion of a concertina, the internal mechanism being worked by a handle moved saw-wise, backward and forward, by one hand, while the other hand produces the notes from the key-board. In addition to playing overtures, waltzes, &c., the mother and daughter sing songs in German and French patois. As a remarkable instance of what one has to submit to here I may mention, that one of the mixed bands the other evening favoured me with a set of quadrilles, of which the first figure was based upon "Beautiful Star," and the last compounded of "I wish I was with Nancy," and—Mendelssohn's Wedding March! After this you will not be surprised when I tell you that they played a most trivial waltz, which was solemnly ushered in by "See the conquering hero comes!" C.

We have abridged the following from the *Brighton Herald* :—

"The concert of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, was attended by a numerous audience. M. and Mrs. Bond were assisted by Miss Lefler, Mr. H. Whitehouse, and Herr Pollitzer. The chief feature of the concert was the appearance of Mr. G. Herbert Bond, a son of the *beneficiaries*, as a public singer. This gentleman has gained laurels elsewhere, but had not appeared in Brighton. He sang, 'If with all your hearts,' from *Elijah*, and 'Then you'll remember me,' both of which he executed in a style to prove him a very promising singer. He possesses a rich voice; his style and expression are pleasing; and he throws animation into his words. He was encored in both his solos. He also took part in two quartets, in a duet with Miss Lefler from *Il Trovatore*, and also with Mrs. Bond in 'Parigi, o cara,' from *Traviata*. Mrs. Bond's rendering of 'With verdure clad,' was all that could be desired. In the quartets and in the duets with her son, Mrs. Bond's voice was also heard to advantage. Miss Lefler's pleasing voice and easy style were suited to the air of 'O rest in the Lord,' from *Elijah*. This lady also sang Wallace's 'Gentle Troubadour' in a charming manner. Mr. H. Whitehouse sang Calcott's 'Last Man,' and Leslie's 'Speed on, my bark,' with considerable taste. Herr Pollitzer was warmly applauded for his execution of a fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, his own composition. The first part of the concert was devoted to sacred and the second to secular music. It concluded with the *Miserere* scene from *Trovatore*, a party of local amateurs assisting in the chorus. The concert was skilfully conducted by Mr. Bond, who also played a pianoforte solo. The concluding recital of Mr. Kuhe took place at the Pavilion on Wednesday afternoon. The compositions were Beethoven's andante in F; Heller's improvisata, 'On song's bright pinions'; Weber's Rondo brilliant; two compositions of Moscheles; a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without words,' an impromptu (in A flat) and a valse (in E flat) by Chopin; and a fantasia, on *Mosé in Egitto*, by Thalberg. To this wide range of musical illustration Herr Kuhe added a study of his own composition, called 'Silberstrahlen' (silvery-shower), which will, without doubt, become a general favourite. Where all was distinguished by skill and taste, it is difficult to mark a preference; but the andante in F, the 'Silberstrahlen,' and the compositions of Chopin struck us as best. The vocal services of Signora Badia, who made her first appearance this season, were fully appreciated; her style of singing the national songs of Italy is full of grace and spirit.

Our MANCHESTER correspondent informs us that at Mr. Charles Hallé's second concert, Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was given. The performance is criticised by the *Manchester Guardian* as below :—

"The following artistes were engaged:—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Armstrong, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas, with a newly-organised chorus of 200, composed of Manchester professionals and a body of amateurs, the united body taking the designation of 'Mr. Hallé's Choir.' If *Judas* may be accepted as a sample of their ability, the talented maestro is at the head of a choral body upon which he may safely rely in the production of his choral concerts (of which the one last night was the first of eight); the performance of the choruses of *Judas*, and two or three of them are of a character to try the best-trained chorus, showing not only accurate knowledge of what was

wanted, but also power to accomplish it. The opening chorus of lamentation, the heroic response to 'Arm, arm ye brave,' 'We come, we come,' and the curiously-mixed chorus 'Hear us, O Lord,' at the close of the first part, in which supplication and firm resolve alternate with each other, and the response to 'Sound an alarm,' 'We hear the pleasing dreadful call,' were all given with energy and effect. The band was thoroughly up to the mark in the accompaniments, and Mr. Walker rendered efficient aid on the organ. Miss Banks in 'Pious Orgies,' 'O Liberty,' and 'Ah, wretched Israel,' was everything that could be desired; her beautiful voice, skilful vocalisation, and expression combining to make them pleasing and interesting in the highest degree; at the same time it was impossible not to feel that her powers were altogether inadequate to express the burst of exultation embodied in 'From mighty kings,' or the bounding joy of 'So shall the lute,' Miss Palmer had not much to do, but that little was well done, indicating a great advance since last we heard her. This advance is especially observable in her elocution, which is clear and emphatic. As examples we may point to the two recitatives 'O Judas, O my brethren,' and 'Down with the polluted altars.' Miss Armstrong rendered efficient service in the duets and in the trio, 'See the conquering hero comes,'—the chorus of which we may state in passing was enthusiastically re-demanded and repeated. Mr. Thomas, in the air, 'The Lord worketh wonders,' was vigorous and effective. Mr. Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, and sung with more than his ordinary power. His first air, 'Call forth thy powers my soul and dare,' was given with much vigour and expression; so also was the second, 'How vain is man;' but his greatest effort, one in which he fairly outdid himself, was 'Sound an alarm.' The really splendid manner in which this song was given, called forth an amount of enthusiasm from the large audience rarely witnessed. It was in vain that the chorus endeavoured to make themselves heard in the succeeding chorus, 'We hear the pleasing dreadful call.' The audience would hear nothing but Mr. Reeves. The conductor made the signal to the chorus to stop, and the great tenor immediately gave the song again, with as much vigour and effect as before. This great song fairly belongs to him, there being no other tenor that can hope to rival him in singing it."

The third Concert seems to have been as well attended as either of its predecessors. The following is an extract from the report of the same contemporary :—

"Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* opened the concert. We could not detect one fault in its execution. Nor less creditable to the band was the dashing performance of the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, which opened the second part. Mozart's Jupiter symphony was the special work assigned to the orchestra. The whole performance, and especially the last movement, reflected great credit on the orchestra. In Berlioz's *Ballet des Sylphes* the determined encore was well deserved. To speak of Mr. Hallé as a pianist is to repeat oft told praises. This evening he seemed even more than to maintain his reputation. His execution of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was marked by a vigour and delicacy only equalled by his conception of the composer's meanings. Such an union between composer and player is as perfect as it is rare. The closing movement was a brilliant achievement. Countless melodies, like rays of light radiating from one common centre, flash and sparkle from the instrument—the eye pursues in a vain effort to overtake the flying fingers—now dashing down in cascades of sound, now like falling snow descending noiselessly on the keys. The two *Morceaux*, by Chopin and Heller, in the second part, were given in Mr. Hallé's most piquant manner, exhibiting unrivalled delicacy of touch—delicate even to daintiness. A perfect storm of applause, and a tumultuous encore resulted, in reply to which Mr. Hallé gave one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'

"The vocal element at these orchestral concerts is not prominent. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington's selections were favourably received. Her unusual facility in vocalising was exhibited in 'Variations,' by Adam, a French composer. Let us close with a warm compliment to M. Lavigne, for his brilliant and telling fantasia on the oboe. The airs from *Traviata* narrowly escaped an encore. Mendelssohn's March to *Athalie*, fitly closed this brilliant concert.

"At the next concert Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' is to be given, and Mr. Hallé will perform Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Brillante,' in B minor, and Thalberg's grand fantasia in 'Mose in Egitto.'"

PRAGUE.—The committee for building a new national theatre here, have come to the determination of commencing operations in the spring.

BERLIN.—At the Italian Opera, a number of new-comers have been introduced as candidates for public favours during the last week. Among them may be mentioned Signora Rideri, who appeared as Norma, in scenes from *Don Pasquale*. The general opinion is that her voice is far too small and thin for the stage, but admirably adapted for the stage concert-room. Her *bravura* singing took the house by surprise. Another fair *débutante* was Signora Tiberini, who made her curtsy in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her style was much admired, particularly her execution of an introduced cadence in the mad scene, where she alternates with the flute. This was a masterpiece. Her voice itself, however, failed to give satisfaction. Signor Tiberini was not successful either as Edgardo or Count Almaviva. The popular favourite is Signora Trebelli, whom the local critics place in the same rank as Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, &c. — Herr Wachtel has left the theatre in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt, after fulfilling a most successful engagement, and Mlle. Augusta Qeisthardt has gone there to fill up the place he has left vacant. It is the intention of the gentleman to drop the German singer for awhile, and appear, in a day or two, as a full-blown Italian at the Victoria Theatre. The lady has captivated most hearts by her impersonation of Rosa in Fioravanti's opera *Die Dorf-sängerin*. She was effectively supported by Mlle. Härtling, Herren Winkelmann Abich and the other members of the company. By the way I may mention that the members of the band and chorus serenaded Herr Wachtel, the other morning, at his hotel, as a mark of their appreciation of his kindness in suggesting and singing at a benefit got up for the band. — The Sisters Marchisio have left the Italian Company for the present and proceeded to Hanover and Magdeburg. They will, however, shortly return. — Spontini's widow, who is very advanced in age, and who resides in Paris, is now here. She came to be present at the representations of the opera of *Nurmahal*. Herr A. von Kotski, also, the pianist, from Wiesbaden is here. So much for the Past and Present. As far as the Future is concerned, you must know that the new season of the Singacademie will be inaugurated to-night, the 2nd inst., by a mass of J. S. Bach. The next works on the list for performance are Haydn's *Creation*, Blumner's *Abraham* (an oratorio) and Handel's *Solomon*. About the middle of this month, Herr Hans von Bülow will commence a series of concerts, at which he himself will, of course, metaphorically if not literally, play first fiddle. — *From an occasional Correspondent.*

MAYENCE.—An organ concert was lately given in the Stephanskirche, by Herr Lux, to an audience of at least 2000 persons. Herr Lux performed a prelude and fugue by Bach, a fugue of his own composition, and three fantasias also of his own composition, namely, one on a romance by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; one on the prayer from *Der Freischütz*, and one on "O Sanctissima." He was ably supported by the Verein für Kirchenmusik, who sang the "Ave Maria" of Arcudelet (died 1570), two songs from Schneider's *Weltgericht*, and Haydn's motet "Des Straubes eitle Sorgen."

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